

## TEACHES A LESSON

**Both Low, the First of the New Line of College Presidents**

**A Big Lesson in His Life—Very Rich and Able to Do. He Chose Education Instead—Why High Education Pays.**

(Copyright, 1894.)

The finest argument which could be brought forth to match the accusations and pleadings of the socialists would be, perhaps, Seth Low and his career and other men of wealth who, like him, are giving their lives with unselfish devotion to energies which are directed for the public good. In the ranks of the disinterested it is safe to say there is to be found not one man who labors as Mr. Low has labored for many years and who gives the fruits of those labors almost wholly to the public.

Such a career as Mr. Low's suggests the highest, noblest form of socialism, and the only socialism that can ever prevail, because while it has for its object the sharing of its labors with others and the giving of its toil for the benefit of others, it nevertheless leaves individual action free and untrammelled.

Seth Low had every comfort, every luxury that was reasonable, every opportunity that great wealth can furnish from the days of his early childhood. Yet now upon the threshold of the prime of life, not yet forty-four years of age, he is able to look back to a career of eight years in public service—four as mayor of the city of Brooklyn, four as head of one of the great universities of the United States, and in addition to that public service he had also been for some ten years really the controlling power in one of the mercantile houses of New York, whose ships in the good days of American commerce were found in the great ports of the orient.

That is a career which it would be comfortable for men of advanced years to contemplate, and yet no one can doubt that the greater achieve-

ment waited the man, and in the best meaning of that somewhat hackneyed expression.

They set up against him another youth, a man who had been a reporter in Brooklyn, but who, having come into property, was independent of any man's favors, and whose personal record was an honorable one. It was a unique and interesting contest, the fame of which spread throughout the country. These two youngsters, of about the same age, both college bred, both faithful workmen in their vocations, both of exemplary habits, went about in the highways and byways of the city speaking one night from the proud platform of the Academy of Music and then again beneath the glare of torches or lamp-lights to misty fairs uplit in the autumn light.

Upon his retirement from the mayoralty he resumed active business, but was not with the house very long before it was made apparent to him that the conditions of the China trade with the United States had become so materially altered that there could be no longer profit or justification in maintaining such business. He therefore telegraphed to his agents in China to return, decided to liquidate the business and to bring the great firm of A. A. Low & Brothers to an honorable termination. After this was done Mr. Low went with his family to Europe, taking for the first time in his life a prolonged period of recreation, and when he returned he knew not in what direction his energies were to be spent. He did know that he could not be an idle man. He knew, too, that he had enough for comfortable, even luxurious maintenance, and for some months he looked about him in the hope that he could discover something which would serve an honorable ambition to do diligent work for public good. Then of a sudden there came to him a proposition which opened up to him a new, desirable and splendid career. It became necessary for the trustees of Columbia college to elect a president.

There had come a conviction to the Columbia trustees that, after all, executive ability, high business capacity, the quality of organization, in fact that general capacity which makes the

## STRUCK ON GIANTS

**Women Like Big, Strong-Looking Men the Best**

**A Reminiscence of Plancon—The Beauty at the Students' Ball—Big Hats and Little—Summer Wraps and Gowns.**

(Copyright, 1894.)

Since Plancon left New York, Plancon, the narrow-hipped and mightily-shouldered and pointed-bearded, Plancon, whose daily stroll down Broadway was a triumphal progress along a way lined by gazing women: Plancon, whose admiration of his own effulgent loveliness in every mirror he passed, was one of his irresistible charms, since Plancon left New York, the handsomest Frenchman in town is the burly proprietor of a table d'hôte restaurant in New York's Quarter Latin below Washington square. I saw a knot of women stop and stare after his big figure on the street, the other day, and one of them whispered: "He's Plancon."

"No," said another; "he sailed more than a week ago. He must be in Paris by this time."

"So I thought," sighed the first; "then there were probably two such men in town two weeks ago. And yet they say New York is dull."

Women have always liked tall men. They are coming to appreciate broad-shouldered and muscular ones.

I once sat with a beauty at the students' ball—at such places, you know, the inviter insures the invitee plenty of gallants by filling her card before-hand—and watched a half-dozen knights in turn presented to her. With some she danced, to others said with charming courtesy: "Oh, so this is our number, is it? I'm so sorry, Mr. Jones, but I'm afraid I shall have to stint myself this evening. I should so much like to dance with you, but really—I have a lame ankle. Shall we sit out?"

So after awhile came her escort, saying: "See here, Susie, what's all this Tommy rot about a sprained ankle? He was her brother, I omitted to say; therefore blunt."

"Tommy rot!" she echoed, contemptuously—for sisters can be blunt, too—"my ankle is just well enough to dance with the best fellows. Why did you go and fill my card up with the names of a lot of little men? It's your own doing, Frank."

Whereupon an enlightening flood poured upon the brother's brain and upon mine. Not even a woman knows

of color by thrusting a red rose—Monsieur Millinaire, of course, lest it fade—in the same hat, and donning a bright red waistcoat with small brass buttons beneath the same dark jacket. Gaudy? Rather; but we are no longer ashamed to wear color, and whether tints delicate or audacious best become a woman is something that, after all, depends upon the woman's self.

One may say, as a timid broaching of a great subject, that there are lacey capes and short jackets, but it doesn't exhaust the subject, any more than Caesar described Gaul by saying it was in three parts divided. The short jacket has least variety. In all its many forms it cannot but remind us of the Eton. To all intents and purposes it is the Eton, and like that, by whatever name called, it suits marvelously well a figure trim and trim; besides being comfortable and convenient, though that's a minor matter. Of jackets longer there is one which barely reaches the hips, which has a moire collar and lapel facing, which has no buttons, but is theoretically fastened by a huge moire bow at the throat with long trailing ends. Really the moire moustrousie is detachable and seldom worn after the first week except in spasms of virtue. These moire bows are all "made up." It has long been a point of honor with dressy men never to wear a made-up bow.

Women may soon reach that austere pitch of propriety; and then—look for an augmentation of the mean annual wardrobe. Of jackets longer yet, or positively long, there is a bewildering variety. Some are grenadierish, some nautical, some horse, and some are just coats. A very large proportion are worn with standing collar and small knot four-inch hand over dotted or figured skirt fronts. For woman had not long borrowed her brother's shirt and collar before she began improving on them by decoration. Long jackets are worn with lapels, fancy or plain, closing high or low, or closing not at all. They have horn buttons, bone buttons, steel buttons, frogs. They have plain skirts or pockets and braid. But in one thing they are alike. Sleeves are of moderate dimensions.

If one is loth to leave the collar and the like there is always the escape—at this season a fluffy thing of lace with the inevitable moire ribbons and a lot of velvet or steel buckle or paste diamond jimmies.

And now for a breath of summer. A blue-belted blouse over a dotted starched shirt front, a collar not uncomfortably high and a tiny bow tie. Over this a blue sailor hat. The blouse is fastened by three buttons somewhat at the left. The collar lap-

## HARD FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

**Trying Preparation for Entrance Into Society—What Paine's Celery Compound Does.**

To be graceful, entertaining, accomplished in music and French, easy talkers on topics of the day, yet up in ancient history—this and much more is what society expects of the young girls who "come out" at 15 or 16.

In a few years but 20 so great a change is wrought that we almost, as if by magic, see a woman, where but a short time before was only a child.

If, during these critical years, constant mental exertion absorbs blood and nerve force, the system grows feeble from lack of nourishment.

The vital mistake of the thousands of girls who yearly break down in schools and colleges is just here: A vigorous, healthy body and brain must have an unlimited supply of pure, rich blood, fully capable of building up growing tissues and repairing the waste of hard-worked nerves and brain and body.

This is just what Paine's celery compound is providing today for over-worked students "run down" people all over the United States and Canada.

If care be taken that no part of the body be poorly nourished, a great deal of hard work and study can be safely gone through. But when young girls are seen to grow thin, pale, spiritless and nervous, there is plainly starvation of some of the important organs and a craving of the blood and nerves for better nutrition.

Paine's celery compound was first prepared by Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., L. D., of Dartmouth College, with the fullest knowledge of any medical man of his day of what tired, weak, nervous women need to make them well and strong.

The happy effects of Paine's celery compound in all cases of debility, nervous weakness and impoverished, impure blood are astonishing. It makes people well where everything else fails.

This remarkable remedy makes sickly, feeble women strong; does away completely with the languid feeling that comes from underfed nerves and blood. As a sure sign of its radical effect on the system for good, it is noticed that in a short time the eyes grow clearer and brighter, the cheeks ruddier, and the mind more active and hopeful.

Paine's celery compound cures dyspepsia, sick headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, and every symptom of impure blood, and permanently cures the most difficult diseases of the liver, kidneys and heart.

Thousands and thousands of men and women who have taken Paine's celery compound are today perfectly well and happy.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Maxwell Gray, the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," is the nephew of Mary Gled Tullitt. She is the daughter of a physician who lives in Newport, on the Isle of Wight, where she was born, and has been an invalid nearly all her life.

When Theodore Parker visited Carlyle in 1843 he found the two brothers, Thomas and John, drinking hot whisky punch together. Carlyle praised the young poet Tennyson to the American, defending him from the reproach of daintiness and shouting out: "Ow, he drinks his glass of grog with the rest of us."

—Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, has a penchant for Mexican and duchesse laces. She probably owns one of the finest assortments of these delicate embroideries in the world. Mrs. Isaac Collin, the wife of the general, has a special charity fund. She loves to dispense clothing and food to the needy youth of Brooklyn.

—George Meredith rejoices in a profusion of hair which falls in artistic negligence round his classically-chiseled face, and he looks younger than his years, which are sixty-two. Oscar Wilde had described his style as "chaos illumined by brilliant flashes of lightning," and, save by the inner cult, no one really cares for his books.

—Most of the droll stories attributed to Abraham Lincoln are supposed to be apocryphal, but Robert Bonner makes public a letter he received years ago from Henry Ward Beecher, in which the Plymouth pastor says concerning a visit to Lincoln: "Abraham told me three stories, two of which I forget and the other won't bear telling."

—Miss Elizabeth Bullock, who died in Salem, Mass., recently, at the age of seventy-seven, had not left her house for more than forty years. Miss Bullock was engaged to be married to a young man of Salem. Just before the marriage was to take place the young man broke the engagement and departed for the west. This was more than forty years ago. Miss Bullock declared she would never leave her home again alive, and kept her word.

—Mr. Gladstone since his retirement has received many hundreds of tributes from admirers all over the United Kingdom, and the gifts are still pouring in. He has received several dozen walking canes and umbrellas. A number of admirers clubbed together and sent him a handsome arm-chair, and many more pretentious presents have come to him. The tributes have been entirely spontaneous, no suggestion of such a thing having been made in the newspapers until their number became notable.

—Grenville S. Redmond, of San Francisco, has just taken second rank at the famous Julian academy of arts, in Paris. Redmond, who is only twenty-two years of age, is a deaf-mute, and his career has already been a remarkable one. In 1879 he became an inmate of the institution for the deaf, dumb and blind at Berkeley, Cal. He at once showed phenomenal ability as an artist, and during the last three years he has been a student at the art school in San Francisco, his expenses being borne by the Berkeley institution.

## A Sure Test.

Dude—She is a pretty girl, and she is rich. Now the question is, has she got good sense?

Candid Champ—You can find that out very easy. Ask her to marry you, and if she accepts then you can safely put her down as a fool.—Texas Siftings.

## Not What He Meant to Say.

Mrs. Colver—You must meet with many conceited pupils—those who think they know it all.

Prof. Strum—That is to be expected, madam. But I tell you that after they get through with my course of lessons they don't know so much.—Judge.

## Sacrifice for Love.

"The engagement has been broken off."

"What was the cause?"

"Oh, a lovers' quarrel."

"What was the nature of it?"

"A dispute between them as to which loved the other best."—London Tid-

**MANHOOD RESTORED!** "Nerve Seeds," the wonderful remedy for all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headaches, Neuritis, Night Sweats, Nervousness, Lassitude, all strains and loss of power of the Generative Organs, in either sex, caused by over exertion, mental stress, or excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants which soon lead to Infertility, Consumption and Lasciviousness to destroy the man's power. It has no equal. Send by mail \$5 for 30. With every 10 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Address: Nerve Seed Co., Chicago, Ill. For sale in Wichita, Kansas by G. Gehring, Druggist, 400 E. Douglas Avenue.

## ALL HALLOWS ACADEMY.



FOR 1893-94. WICHITA, KANSAS.

This Academy, established in 1887, possesses every advantage that parents can desire for the general improvement of their children. The site is attractive, and, as experience has proved, most advantageous for the promotion of good health. The grounds are neat and spacious, affording means for the enjoyment of invigorating exercise. The Sisters of Charity of the B. V. M., being especially devoted to the instruction of youth, spare no pains to win the heart to virtue, and they impart to their pupils a solid and redoubtable scholarship. With a vigilant and immediate superintendence, they provide for the want and comfort of the children intrusted to their care. Studies will be resumed the first Monday in September. For further particulars apply to the

SISTER SUPERIOR, All Hallows Academy, Wichita, Kansas.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## THE COUNTRY BEGGAR.

Tramp Life in the Rural Districts of the French Republic.

It is necessary to make a distinction between the beggar of the city and the beggar of the country. The latter is rather a vagabond. He is rather an unfortunate affected with the malady which a learned German physician, Dr. Benedict, has called claudrophobia—a hatred of confined places. The country beggar cannot remain in one spot; he constantly changes from place to place. Do not propose to him any work even for lucrative returns, in the fields or in a shop. At the end of two days he will give back to you your tools. "It is necessary that I have a change of air," he will say to you, and he will set forth upon the highway. In France these beggars are called chemineux; that is to say, the tramps whom one meets always on the roads (chemins).

These tramps are the terror of the country people. When they appear at the door of a farmhouse in the evening and demand hospitality for the night, the farmer dare not refuse them. He fears that they will revenge themselves by burning his crops. Besides, they never travel alone but always in companies of three or four. They know marvelously well the geography and the resources of the places through which they pass. When they meet upon the highway each will say to the other, "You will find a good place to sleep at such a farm, to eat at such another place. In such a place is a house at which the people will give you some money; at another place is a barracks of soldiers which it is necessary to avoid."

The tramp who always asks for work but who rarely accepts it is easily transformed into a robber. He sees the plunder and lays his hands upon fowls, eggs, rabbits. Sometimes even, if he succeeds in gaining an entrance into the house and finds there any objects of value—silver, watches, jewelry, he watches for an opportunity to steal them. If the objects have a definite value he will conceal them in the folds of his garment, and the nearest city he will go to negotiate their sale with a receiver of stolen goods.

In fine weather these tramps sleep in the open air. By the bounty of the world they are tourists enjoying their travels. All their lives they have been traveling and they have no trouble in meeting their expenses, for the farmers through whose domains they pass supply them with all the necessities of life.—M. Louis Paulsen, in Chautauquan.

Balzac or Gaboriau never wrote a more thrilling story of long pursuit and successful revenge than comes by the China steamer in accounts of the assassination in Shanghai of Kim Ok Kim, the Korean refugee. It occurred in a foreign hotel in the European settlement, and the assassin, Hung, was arrested and held for trial. Hung camped on Kim's trail for six years in the hope of getting him outside of Japan. While in the pay of the Korean court he cultivated the acquaintance of Kim, who had lived at Tokio for several years under a Japanese name. Hung induced a Korean exile, who owed Kim a large sum of money, to write offering to pay the old account with interest if Kim would come to Shanghai. The trial will probably show that the Korean court promised the assassin a big reward for removing a dangerous conspirator whom the Japanese government had saved from their vengeance for ten years. Kim was the ablest Korean who has come to the front since the hermit kingdom was opened to foreigners. He spoke Japanese, Chinese, French and German fluently.

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SETH LOW.

ments of this young man are in the future. He entered Columbia college when he had barely passed the age qualification, and he was graduated in 1870 when only nineteen years of age. Upon his graduation young Low might have taken up any course of life that had temptations for him. With the wealth which was in his family he could have plunged into social pleasures with the abundance which was at his hand he could have sought distraction in exciting or even enervating pleasures; he might have gone in for sports and kept his yacht or his stable, or he could have followed a more rational inclination, and one which did possess him at one time, and give years to travel.

Young Low entered the counting-room of the firm of A. A. Low & Brothers, expecting at that time very soon to be called upon to bear the burden of that world-famous mercantile house. Its founders had grown rich in the China and East India trade. They had not only gained great wealth, but they had obtained and maintained a name for honor and integrity and had shown that it is possible to gain riches without doing injustice to any man and, on the other hand, enabling many others to share and take advantage of their prosperity.

Very soon after Low went into the house he became practically the directing force in it. His father and his uncles gradually withdrew, and while their immense capital supplied Mr. Low and his brothers with all the resources that were needed, nevertheless the directing, the quick judgment, the accurate estimate of the market, and all those things which go to make the successful merchant in the China trade, were to be revealed by this younger scarcely of age, and with no other experience of life than he had obtained in the university.

He was a youth not yet thirty years of age when asked by the business men of Brooklyn to head their city ticket; but that seemed an advantage rather than a drawback. There were no tricks of politics, no mysterious manipulation of wires or direction of caucuses, but there was public opinion behind this impulse, so that Mr. Low was nominated for mayor because the

greater business men, were those which were of the highest service in the direction of a great institution of learning.

Columbia looked about for such a man as that. The trustees did not care for a man of showy or conspicuous scholarship; had that been their purpose another than Seth Low would have been chosen. They did not deem it essential that one who had had wide experience and great success as a teacher should be chosen as Dr. Bernard's successor; if such had been their inclination they could have named any one of a dozen men in the Columbia faculty. They wanted a man pre-eminently for administrative and business ability, and when the name of Seth Low was suggested, it was accepted as a happy issue of many months of anxious consultation.

Mr. Low was elected president in the fall of 1880, and he was inaugurated in February of 1880. The offer of the place came to him as a surprise. At first it seemed to him as though almost any other man of college education was better fitted by training and inclination for that post. But he learned that the trustees expected that the new president would be a man of affairs; that he would reorganize the important business matters in connection with it, that his work was to be constructive, and that while the pedagogy of the institution, so to speak, would be absolutely under his control and direction, and that the energies of the college in that direction were widely extended.

So then this young man turned his face away from those things which seemed to be waiting for him in the future, and to other things association with which neither he nor his friends had ever dreamed to be his part in life.

He might have lived in splendid luxury. He might have passed his time in the library in the indolence of association with favorite authors. He would have been welcomed among the votaries of fashion. He could have led a dreamy life aboard a yacht, or he could have spent exciting days with the huntmen of the west or in the wilds of Africa. He might have become a politician, serving expediency, and aimed at any honor which his party had to bestow. But he chose a post requiring prolonged toil day after day in a service from which he could get no other personal benefit than that which comes from the development of character.

## Truth Triumphant.

Mrs. Gadders—What do you think of my new clock?

Visitor—Beautiful! Is it an alarm clock?

Willy Gadders—Yes.

Mrs. Gadders—Willy! How dare you tell such an untruth?

Willy Gadders—Well if you had seen how it alarmed you when he got the bill, you would say it was—Puck.



"OH, SEE, THERE'S PLANCON."

women. The subject is too vast and various. But we do learn a little.

This incident may give some way toward accounting for current fashions masculine. A tightly-buttoned frock coat throws out into strong relief even a fair pair of shoulders, and its long skirts make the wearer look at least an inch taller. The top's trick of wearing high-heeled boots is as many years old as Louise la Magnifique.

A burst of hot weather last week forced the season. Before, one saw occasional winter wraps and even furs and fur trimming. After the street blossomed with roses, and it was summer. The seasons cannot be regulated by the almanac. Very noticeable is the change in the hats. They are of the summer, and than moths' wings more fragile. There are always, the big picture hats, of course, whose sweeping brims prettily hide foreheads of masculine height. There are trimmings of huge plumes and bows and tabs of net and ribbon for the hair. But most of all there are little hats and bonnets, which I have called perky a dozen times if once because they are perky; and these you shall see on three women out of four parading up and down the streets; hats like exclamation points, with little bodies and high spreading crests.

The logical limit of perkiness I have seen in a hat with no top at all; merely a circlet about the head to carry the rigging of plume and spike aloft. With these, curiously enough, one sees now English walking hats, such as figured in Graham's Magazine fifty years or so ago. These may be of any hue, but are usually dark, and their material is a fine chip braid and the wide brim is flat at the sides, but drops downward slightly from front and back. To women thus attired one feels like saying in the words of the old balladist: "Oh, gentle ladies, all!" And gentle, indeed, some faces look under these quaintly simple shades.

An ingenious device for doubling one's dress allowance commands some of these shade hats. Given a skirt and long jacket of dark cloth, not easily distinguishable from other dark cloth. Is the day bright? Choose then a waistcoat of fawn, with low opening showing a white collar and shirt front, and let the shade hat bourgeon with a yellow rose. Is the day dull? Give it a flip